

TIP TOP WEEKLY

"An ideal publication for the American Youth"

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$3.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the N. Y. Post Office by STREET & SMITH.

No. 124.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 27, 1898.

Price 5 Cents.

JOE LIGHTNER.

FRANK MERRIWELL'S ADVANCEMENT

OR ENGINEER OF THE MOUNTAIN EXPRESS.



BY THE AUTHOR OF
FRANK MERRIWELL.

"GOL DING IT! HOLD ON A MINUTE!" YELLED THE OLD FARMER.

THE NEW YORK

TOP

FRANK MERRILL'S JOURNAL

JOE LIGHTNER.

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Frank Merriwell's Advancement

OR,

ENGINEER OF THE MOUNTAIN EXPRESS.

By the Author of "FRANK MERRIWELL."

CHAPTER I.

THE CRISIS.

"Is it morning?"

"Yes, Frank."

"Then I must get up and go to work again, and I am so tired—so tired! I wonder what makes me so tired?"

"You have been working too hard, Frank."

"No, no, that's not it—that would not make me feel this way after resting all night. Hard work does not hurt me. I can stand it. Look at my arms; and see how strong they are. Look at my hands, and see how——"

The invalid stopped speaking and stared in wonderment at his thin white hand, which he had lifted from the spotless coverlid with a great effort.

"Is that my hand?" he muttered, doubtfully. "Why, it is so thin and white! That can't be my hand! And it is heavy—like lead. I never knew my hand was so heavy."

Inza Burrage bent over him, her face filled with anxiety and tenderness.

"It is because you are so tired—that's why your hand seems heavy. Frank. Don't think about that now. Lie still and rest."

"I can't keep still when it is time to go to work. They want no drones on the Blue Mountain Railroad. Every man must be a worker, and he must always be on time. I've never been behind time yet, and I mustn't begin now."

"You have been ill, Frank."

"Ill? But not much. I seem to re-

BY ALL MEANS GET A FREE BUTTON OR PIN—SEE LAST PAGE.

member something about it. Something happened yesterday. There was a wreck on the road. My engine, old 99, jumped the track and smashed some empty cars, but I wasn't hurt, and I must report for work to-day."

The troubled look deepened on his face, and he wearily pressed his hand to his forehead.

"It seems that something else happened. Why, I believe I was discharged. Yes, yes! Cobb, the train master, did it! But I told him I would see the superintendent—I told him I would lay the case before Mr. Eaton. I'll do it to-day."

"Not to-day, Frank; wait till to-morrow."

"But I must look after it right away. I can't afford to be out of work. I can't afford to lay off."

"It is two weeks since you were at work."

Those words seemed to daze the invalid for some moments. He lay still, staring straight at the girl by the bedside.

"Two weeks!" he muttered—"two weeks?"

"Yes, you have been ill all that time."

"Is it you, Inza?" he asked, seeming to recognize her for the first time. "Are you here?"

"Yes, Frank. I have been taking care of you."

"Little Nell—Jack?"

"They are out, playing and singing on the streets. They have been doing very well of late. Old Mr. Congrave, and his daughter, who room in the back, have helped me take care of you. I can call them any time."

"And I have been ill so long? How am I?"

"I hope you are better now. The doctor said the change would come to-day."

Frank reached out and found Inza's hand, which he clasped.

"Yes," he murmured, "you are all that I thought you. You are one of the dearest, noblest girls in the whole world! It is good to have such friends when one is ill. This is the first time in all my life that I have been really and truly ill. It is something new for me. But I suppose everybody must be ill some time. I'll get well now."

"Yes. You must sleep, and then you will be better. It is time for you to take your medicine."

She took a vial from a little table and dropped some of the contents into a partly-filled glass of water. Then she lifted his head and held her arms about him while he drank it.

"There," he sighed, as he lay back on the white pillow, "now I think I can sleep. How could I fail to get well having such a nurse!"

He closed his eyes, still holding her hand, and, after a while, fell asleep.

Noon came, and little Jack and his blind sister returned from the streets. Nellie hastened to knock on the door between the two rooms and ask about Frank.

"Is he better?" she asked, as she came into the room on her toes.

"I don't know," answered Inza. "I thought so a little while ago, but now he is flushed again and his fever is high, while he is muttering and moaning. I wish the doctor would come."

The blind girl crept up to the bed, her hands clasped over her heart, and sat there listening to Frank's mutterings, a wistful, anxious look on her sweet face.

"He is dreaming of his college days," breathed Inza, at Nell's side. "He is living over those days in all his dreams."

Frank laughed faintly.

"Ah, fellows," he exclaimed, "glad to see you—glad to see you all. Walk right in. My latch string is always out."

ARE YOU PATRIOTIC? READ "TRUE BLUE."

Smoke? Why, of course! You know I don't smoke, but that's all right. Fill the old room full of smoke. Beer? I never drink it, but you may open as many bottles as you like here. Now we'll have a jolly time. Don't talk so much, Rattleton! If you'd talk less you wouldn't get twisted so often. That's right, Browning, sprawl all over the couch. I know you're too tired to sit up. You always are when there's a chance to lie down. Hello, Griswold, you little spider! What's the latest joke? And here's Halliday and Creighton. Well, if this isn't a jolly crowd! There's room over in the corner by Diamond; but lookout not to crowd the fiery Virginian, or he may challenge you to mortal combat. Look out for Hock Mason over there, too. He's another bad man. Hails from South Carolina, and he'll fight at the drop of a hat. Somebody put a board over Joe Gamp's mouth, to keep him from laughing, or he'll start a riot here. Now, this is jolly!"

"Who are those he is talking about?" whispered little Nell.

"Those are his old college chums," answered Inza, tears in her eyes. "You know he was the most popular man at Yale. Poor Frank!"

Merry was silent a short time, and then he gave an excited start.

"Pull, men—pull!" he panted. "Harvard leads by a length! Old Eli must win this race! Die—die, but don't give up! We can win out at the finish! All together—now! Steady and strong! Ha! We're gaining—we're passing them! Now we have a foot, a yard, a length! Make a clear show of water between us! Now! now! now! Ah-ha! It's over! Old Eli has won again! Hear them cheering! Hear the crowd roar! See the blue fluttering everywhere! Boys, this is something to live for—something to die for!"

"He is dreaming of the college boat race," explained Inza. "He was one of the crew at Yale."

For some moments Frank muttered incoherently, and then, all at once, he began speaking slowly and distinctly:

"We can win this game now, fellows. My arm is all right, and I'll kill it using the double-shoot before Princeton shall down old Eli. Two scores will tie the game, and three will win it for us, if I can hold them down. Go in and hammer out two runs somehow. We must do it! What, another hit? Safe on first! Now we have a man on first and second. Oh, for a good long hit! My turn at bat? If I can connect with one of Rickson's curves! Whew! That was a whistler. One strike? Can't help it. Let him try to cut a corner with a straight one. What's that? Two strikes? Hear the young tigers yelling! Got me in a hole, eh? Two strikes and no balls. Now he'll try to monkey with me. One ball? I knew it. Two balls? Things are getting even. That's a little too far outside, and it makes three balls! Who's in a hole now! He must put the next one over, or I'll walk. If he does— That's it! A hit! Now if I can make two bags! Hear the coaches yell! Why, two bags are easy! Keep on! That means my hit has tied the score. Go home? I'll make it or die! Slide! All right! Safe home! Hurrah! Old Eli leads them one! Now, let's see them win this game! They can't do it in a thousand years!"

"Why, why," fluttered the blind girl, "what is he talking about now?"

"He thinks he is playing a game of ball. He pitched on the 'Varsity nine."

"It must have been a terrible blow for him when he was forced to leave college," murmured little Nell.

"I expect it was, but Frank was too

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much of a man to show it. He was built of stern stuff."

"Still he is so kind and gentle."

"Good-by, fellows! Farewell, dear old Yale! It's over! I am ruined, and I am going out into the world and work my way up. Yes, Professor Such, I must begin at the foot of the ladder and work my way up. I shall remember your words. Thank you, professor—thank you, sir! What's that you say, Rattleton? The fellows are gathered at the fence on the campus, waiting to see me. Well, we'll go out to them. Here they are. Shake hands? Boys, it's tough luck, but I shall not forget the friends I am leaving behind. By Jove, Rattleton, some of those fellows are crying! My eyes are blurred, and there is a choking in my throat. Will I shake hands with you, Benson? Well, you may bet your life I will! You say you have treated me meanly. Forget it, old man! Here's where we bury all grudges. By all that's good! the fellow's going away crying like a baby! And I thought him the worst of my foes! Rattleton, this is too much! I shall be blubbering in a minute, if I don't watch out. Who says there is no true friendship in the world! Good-by, fellows! God bless you all! Stand by old Eli! Farewell! Farewell!"

Little Nell was weeping softly.

"Now I know how hard it was for him to leave college," she said. "Poor Frank! And he has been so ill! I am afraid he is worse."

Inza was worried, but she tried to allay the blind girl's fears.

Frank had ceased to mutter and talk aloud, but sometimes he moaned and rolled his head from side to side.

At last, the doctor came. He looked rather grave when he saw Frank, and he asked some questions of Inza. Then he sat down beside the bed, saying:

"I think I will wait a while. The turning point is near. I believe I can tell when he wakes up how he will pull out of this."

He sat there nearly an hour.

Finally, Frank opened his eyes. The flush had died out of his face, leaving it rather pale. It was plain a great change had come over him.

"How do you feel now, young man?" asked the doctor.

"Why, I feel all right," said Frank. "Have I been ill?"

"Yes, you have been rather ill."

"I seem to remember something about it. You are the doctor? Well, now, please tell me how long it will be before I can get up."

"I'll get you up as soon as possible, Mr. Merriwell; but you must not be impatient. You have been ill two weeks, and it will take some time to make you well and strong again. The crisis is past now, and you are coming around all right. You have had very good care, to which you must attribute, in a great measure, your recovery. Here is your head nurse."

The doctor drew some one forward to the bed.

"Inza!" exclaimed Frank.

CHAPTER II.

INZA TRIES HER INFLUENCE.

Two days later Frank was on the high road of recovery. The change had been pronounced and complete, and he got well rapidly. He found his room decorated with rugs, pictures and bric-a-brac, while pretty lace curtains draped the window. Indeed, the poor bare room had been decorated and transformed till it did not look like the same place.

Inza's hands had brought all this about. She came every morning and

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stayed till afternoon, when her friend Jessie Harper, whom she was visiting, when she met Frank in that city, came with a carriage and took her away.

The Harpers were wealthy people of high social standing, and, of course, Jessie had learned all the history of the affair between Frank and Inza. Naturally her entire sympathy was with Inza, and she was surprised beyond measure that Inza should persist in entertaining the most friendly feeling toward Elsie Bellwood.

During his illness Frank had talked a great deal about the loss of his position on the railroad, and Inza had told Jessie of that. Then the two girls made a resolution to do what they could to have Merry restored to the employ of the company.

It did not take Jessie long to discover that her father knew some men of influence connected with the railroad, and Emery Eaton, the superintendent, was one of them. Then she sought to enlist Mr. Harper's sympathies in Frank's favor, and, as she was a petted child, it was not long before she succeeded. Mr. Harper promised to bring Mr. Eaton round to dinner some evening and turn him over to the two girls, and he kept his word.

Then Jessie and Inza brought all their skill to bear on the portly superintendent. After dinner, when Mr. Eaton was feeling in a very pleasant mood, the two girls cornered him and started in by asking all sorts of questions about railroad life.

"I don't suppose," said Inza, wisely, "that a common employee on any railroad stands a chance of ever rising to a position of trust and influence?"

"That is where you are very much mistaken," said Mr. Eaton, quickly. "The lowliest worker on the Blue Moun-

tain road stands a show of rising, if he is trustworthy and capable, to the very highest position it is in the power of the company to bestow. I did not start in as superintendent of the road, and the master mechanic was once a wiper."

"Oh, but I suppose there are some exceptions. I don't suppose every one is treated as well as you and the master mechanic were."

Inza said this laughingly, but Mr. Eaton became very serious.

"I am sure every one is treated fairly by the company. In fact, I know it."

"But you can't know all about the minor workmen on the road. Some of them may be treated unjustly."

"Impossible. Fairness is the watchword of the company, and all the officers are instructed to treat every man, no matter how humble his position, with an equal show of justice."

"Still there are certain to be petty causes of ill will. A boss may have a grudge against a workman and keep him down or discharge him for no good or valid reason."

"But every laborer on the road has the right to appeal directly to me," declared Mr. Eaton. "He can lay his case before me, and he may be sure that I will give him justice if he has been unfairly treated."

"Do all the employees know this?"

"Oh, I presume so—I presume so. But why are you asking such questions?"

"Because," answered Inza, boldly, "I believe I know a young man who was treated very unjustly by the Blue Mountain Railroad."

The superintendent stared at her doubtingly.

"You—you do?" he said. "You know such a person?"

"Yes, sir. I know a young man who by ability and perseverance rose in a short

READ "SHOW YOUR COLORS," AND SEND FOR A BADGE OR BUTTON.

time from wiper to engineer on your road. On several occasions he proved himself of rare value to the company. He was engineer on a freight, the train that jumped the track and caused the wreck on the Ragged Ridge Branch seventeen days ago. The accident occurred at a little station where there was a siding, and by the rarest kind of good fortune neither engineer nor fireman were killed. No person was seriously injured, although the property of the company was damaged to a large extent. When he arrived at the roundhouse, the engineer was promptly discharged by the train master for running through a yard faster than was allowable. His statement that he had never been informed the little station and the siding were under yard rules availed nothing. He was discharged just the same."

"It was his place to find out about that. He has no one but himself to blame if he was disobeying rules."

"But he was not."

"Eh? How's that?"

"He was not disobeying the rules. There were no yard rules at the little station."

"How do you know?"

"I have taken pains to have a friend find out about that. The train master never favored the young engineer, and he was glad of an excuse to discharge him. The real cause of the wreck was a defect in the old engine."

Now Emery Eaton seemed actually startled.

"Be careful! be careful!" he exclaimed.

"You are making a very serious charge."

But that did not daunt Inza Burrage in the least.

"I know it," she nodded, resolutely; "but I'll stand by it. Ever since the accident the young engineer has been seriously ill."

"Does he think of bringing action against the road?" quickly asked the superintendent. "He will be foolish to do so. He can get nothing—absolutely nothing."

"I am not so sure of that. The same person who found out for me that there were no yard rules at the little station where the wreck took place also discovered that the forward trucks on the engines had flanges that were worn so thin that they were dangerous. A flange on one of those trucks broke when the engine struck the curve at the station, and that was what caused the wreck. The engine had been reported in perfect repair."

"Of course I know who you are talking about, Miss Burrage," said Mr. Eaton. "Merriwell was the name of the engineer on the freight that caused the wreck. He must have been running recklessly, or he would not have jumped the track where he did."

"If the old engine had been in perfect order, he would not have jumped the track," persisted Inza, stoutly.

"He should have looked out for his engine and reported it if the forward trucks were not in proper shape."

"It was not his regular engine, but one he had been given to make an extra run with the day before and bring in a coal train, which he did, working nearly ten hours over time. Then he had to get around the next morning and go out with the regular freight as usual. How much time did he have to give the engine a thorough examination? You have said, Mr. Eaton, that all the employees on your road are treated fairly and justly. Here seems to be a case, however, where one has been treated otherwise. I do not believe you knew the exact facts of the case, and that is why I have been bold

CLIF FARADAY IS A GOOD FELLOW.

enough to tell them to you. I hope I have not offended you."

"No, no, no!" spluttered the superintendent. "I didn't have time to look into that affair as closely as I might. I took the reports that were handed in, and they certainly indicated that the wreck was caused by the carelessness of the freight engineer. Mr. Cobb said so, and——"

"Mr. Cobb is the train master. He did not wish to pass Frank Merriwell for the position of engineer when Mr. Merriwell went before him to be examined, but was forced to, because Frank showed himself competent. He embraced the first opportunity to discharge him."

Inza had made her words impressive, and it was plain that they had not been wasted, for the superintendent said:

"Well, well, I'll have to look into the matter. Yes, I'll have to look into it."

"Oh, will you?" cried Inza. "I do hope you'll not forget it, Mr. Eaton! And if you find Mr. Merriwell was not to blame, will you give him back his position?"

"If I find he was not to blame, you may be sure he will be treated fairly. I will make an investigation to-morrow."

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Inza, happily.

"I shall be very sorry if I find Mr. Merriwell has been discharged without just cause. I may not be able to give him back his former position; but, if he gets anything, it will be something quite as good."

And Inza was satisfied with that promise.

CHAPTER III.

AN UNKNOWN FRIEND.

Thus it came about that one day, when Frank had almost entirely recovered from his illness, he was astonished to receive a

polite note from the superintendent of the Blue Mountain Railroad, expressing a hope that he might be able to return to work soon.

When any one has been ill and is on the road to recovery he is easily elated, and it is not strange that Frank was so happy over the note that he nearly shed tears. Inza was there when he received it, and he hastened to read it to her.

"What do you think of that?" he cried, exultantly. "That means that I am not to be discharged after all! I am to go back and have my place! Oh, fortune has not turned against me after all! But it is strange that I should be asked to come back without having to go see the superintendent about it. Why do you suppose that is, Inza?"

Inza laughed in her old merry fashion.

"Oh, they couldn't get along without you, Frank!" she cried. "They couldn't run the road, you know."

"Now you are jollying me," he said. "Well, I don't care. I can stand it, as long as I have my place back."

Little Nell was called in from the other room and told all about it. She clapped her hands and laughed with happiness at first, and then as suddenly grew grave.

"But you will go back to all the dreadful dangers, Frank," she said. "It was a wonder that you were not killed in that wreck. I have hoped that you would not have to work any more where you would be always in such dreadful danger."

"Now, don't let that worry you, little girl," he said. "If I were destined to be killed, it would have happened in the wreck. I shall not be killed on the railroad, and it is work that I enjoy. Where is Jack?"

"He's out. It was so cold I did not go with him to-day. He wouldn't let me."

"It is cold, and still there is no snow

on the ground. Old winter is holding off, and Christmas is almost here. I will be all well before that time, and we will have a merry Christmas."

There was a knock at the door, to which Inza hastened. Old Andrew Congrave and his daughter came in. The girl wore her wraps, and her face glowed with a healthy color. It was plain she had just come in from the street. In her hand she carried some large chrysanthemums, and with them she hastened to Frank.

"See what I have brought you!" she exclaimed. "I thought you would like them."

Frank took them from her.

"Thank you," he said. "You are kind and thoughtful, Miss Congrave. They are beautiful."

"Why shouldn't I be kind and thoughtful?" she said. "It was through you I found my father and all my present happiness."

"You are happy?"

"Yes, yes! I am happy, for I have had nothing but good luck since meeting you. I have a position in an office now, and I think it is the best work I ever did. Of course the pay is not much, but it is enough to live on, and I am to have more by and by."

"Mr. Merriwell," said Andrew Congrave, earnestly, "we owe you more than we can ever repay. First you restored to me my faith in human nature, and then you restored my daughter. I am old and poor, and I thought there was nothing ahead of me but a pauper's grave; now I hope again, and I have found a new joy in life. You have been very ill, and there was a time that we feared you might not recover. Then I did all that I could for you—I prayed."

"Mr. Congrave," said Frank, "I have been repayed a thousand times by the

friendship I have won. Here I am, surrounded by my friends, on the road to health once more, and I have just received from Mr. Eaton, the superintendent of the railroad, a note expressing a hope that I may soon return to my work."

The old man and his daughter uttered exclamations of surprise and satisfaction.

"Then you are not to be discharged after all?" cried Sadie Congrave. "That is splendid!"

"No, I am going back to work as soon as I am strong enough."

"That is fine! They could not afford to lose you, could they?"

Frank smiled,

"I scarcely think that is the reason why I am to be taken back," he said. "I presume the Blue Mountain Railroad would continue to run just the same if I were not on earth. In fact, the note from the superintendent was a great surprise to me, and I do not understand it. It seems that I must have had a friend who interceded for me. I wonder who it was."

Still Inza remained silent.

The doctor came and looked at Frank. He was a pleasant young man, with a jolly laugh.

"Well, well, well!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands together. "It is astonishing! You are coming round in splendid shape, my boy. Why, you'll be out in a few days. There is no real reason why I should call again. I will give some directions, which must be obeyed, and you won't be bothered by me any more."

"Doctor," said Frank, "you did a good job for me."

"Not I, young man—not I as much as your nurses. They are mainly responsible for your recovery. You had the best of care. The three took turns caring for you."

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"Three?"

"Yes. Here they are."

He pointed out the three girls in the room.

"They've all had part in it," he declared; "and professional nurses could not have done better. You were fortunate to have such friends."

"I think so myself," smiled Merry. "But now, doctor, I suppose you have a nice little bill against me?"

"Well, hardly."

"What do you mean?"

"I haven't any bill."

Frank started, his face expressing the greatest surprise.

"How is that?" he asked. "Surely you must be paid for your services?"

"I've been paid."

"You have?"

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"Yesterday."

"By whom?"

"I am not at liberty to say just now."

Frank was bewildered and perplexed.

"But, doctor," he said, hastily, "who could pay you? It is very remarkable!"

Then he looked around at the others till his eyes rested on Inza.

"You?" he exclaimed. "Did you do it?"

She laughed and shook her head.

"Not I," she declared. "I know nothing about it."

Here was a mystery, for every one present, excepting the doctor, professed utter ignorance of the payment of the bill.

Merry was not satisfied.

"It is not right that any one else should pay my bills," he said. "I am able to do that myself. Of course, it might take me some time, but——"

"If you had been removed to the public hospital, there would have been noth-

ing to pay," said the doctor; "but neither you nor your friends wished you taken there, and I decided to attend you and take chances on receiving my pay for services. Yesterday I received a request for my bill complete, and I made it out. Last night I received a check for the sum."

"But, doctor, I am not in need of charity, and I must know who did this, so I may pay them back."

"Don't let it worry you, young man; I think you will know in time. I was asked not to state who payed the bill, and I gave my word to be silent."

The doctor then gave some final directions, after which, having pressed Frank's hand and wished him good luck, he departed.

"Now, here is another mystery," said Frank, still showing his perplexity. "Well, I shall solve it, for I will not permit myself to be baffled by mysteries."

"It is plain, Mr. Merriwell," said the old inventor, "that all your friends are not here in this house. You have made others by your kindness, and now you are receiving your reward."

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRAIN MASTER IS ANGRY.

It was a happy day for Frank Merriwell when, once more in his working clothes, he reported for duty.

He went straight to the office of the master mechanic, a man with an unpleasant personality, who, like the train master, had never seemed to look on Frank in a very favorable manner.

Orrin Newman, the master mechanic, had risen from the lowest position, having begun work on a railroad as a wiper. He was not an educated or refined man,

and his boorish manners had clung to him for all of his advancement in life.

Sometimes Frank fancied that Newman was all right beneath the surface—that it was the outer crust that was rough and repellant, while his heart was all right. Of this, however, Merry was not certain.

Newman seemed to be always chewing the stump of a black, half-smoked cigar. He had a way of holding it in one corner of his mouth as he talked, and then, in the midst of his conversation, without touching it with his fingers, rolling it over and over till it lodged far in the other corner of his mouth. He seemed to do this unconsciously, and still with the greatest skill and ease.

Another peculiar thing Frank had noticed was that Newman always seemed to be standing with his back toward his office door and looking out of the window when any one entered.

Frank stepped into the office quietly, and the master mechanic did not seem to hear him. After standing some moments, waiting for Newman to turn round, Merry coughed slightly.

The man turned abruptly, saw his visitor, and growled:

"Well, what do you want?"

"I am ready to go to work, sir."

"Hey?"

"I am ready to go to work."

"You are? Well, why don't you go to work then?"

Newman said this in his most disagreeable way.

"I have come to you to find out what I shall do, sir."

"Come to me? Don't you know what to do?"

"No. You know I have been out some time. I have been ill."

"You look it. Don't believe you are

in condition to work now. Better take another week off."

"I can't afford it, sir. I must go to work."

"But we have nothing for sick men to do."

Newman champed at his cigar and glared at Frank in a manner that was actually insolent; but Merry kept cool and quietly said:

"I am not sick now, and I am able to work. All I wish is to know what I am to do. I suppose some one else has my engine now."

"Your engine? Why, I believe I know you now! You're Merriwell. You have changed since you were sick."

The man's manner was somewhat milder, but Frank more than half believed Newman had known him from the very first.

"Yes, I am Merriwell. I presume I have changed some."

The master mechanic rolled the cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other.

"You don't look any too well. What do you want to do?"

"I should like to have an engine again."

Just as Frank said this the office door opened and another man came in. It was Henry Cobb, the train master, who had given Merriwell his discharge.

Cobb was a small man, but he carried himself with an air of importance, as if he weighed three hundred pounds and owned the whole railroad. He squared himself and tried to glare at Frank in a crushing manner.

"Well," he said, "this is what I call pure gall!"

Merry gave him not the slightest notice, which seemed to anger the little man, who spouted:

"I say it is pure gall! What is this

HAVE YOU MET CLIF FARADAY?

fellow here for, Mr. Newman? He has been discharged from the employ of this railroad. I presume you know that?"

"Yes," nodded Newman, sourly, "I know he was discharged."

"And he has the nerve to come back here and ask for work—ask for an engine? Why don't you call a man and have him thrown out of your office, Newman? I will call somebody."

Cobb started to go out.

"Hold on!" snarled Orrin Newman, his face wrinkling in a most disagreeable fashion. "Who's running this office, anyhow? I can attend to my own business, Mr. Cobb!"

The train master snapped himself round.

"Well, why don't you attend to it!" he fumed. "You are wasting your time talking with a discharged employee."

"I don't have to account to you for my time, and I don't care to have you come in here and tell me my business."

"You seem to need somebody to tell it to you."

"I don't know about that."

"Next thing I suppose you will be giving this fellow work."

"I expect I shall."

Henry Cobb literally jumped into the air.

"What?" he yelled. "Do you mean to say you will take him back after I discharged him?"

"No, I shall not take him back—that is, not on my own responsibility."

Cobb seemed relieved.

"I didn't know," he said; "I thought the fellow might be a pet of yours, as he seems to be petted by almost everybody on this road."

"I have no pets, Cobb, and you know it. I don't like the way you talk. If you have business with me, state it and permit me to finish with this young man."

"I saw him come in here, and, as he was staying, I came in to see what he was after."

"So, it's a case of rubber necking on your part."

"I thought it well enough to remind you that he had been discharged from the employ of the road."

"You might have saved yourself the trouble, for I knew all about it. You discharged him, Cobb. I know that. I also know your reason for so doing—or the reason you gave. I am not going to say anything about it."

"You've said enough! You've said enough!" the train master almost squealed. "I understand what you mean! I know my business, and I know when a man should be discharged for criminal carelessness. I am not to be criticised by you, Newman!"

"Then, sir, get out of my office!"

"Do you intend to give this fellow work?"

"I have been instructed to do so."

Cobb staggered.

"Hey? Instructed to do so? What do you mean?"

"What I said."

"Who instructed you?"

"Mr. Emery Eaton, superintendent of this road."

That was a body blow, and it left the little man gasping. As soon as he could gain control of his voice, he excitedly cried:

"Do you mean to tell me that the superintendent has instructed you to give this fellow work?"

"Sure thing."

"I don't believe it! I won't believe it!"

"It makes no difference to me whether you believe it or not. I have my orders from headquarters."

"But I gave him his discharge—I did

it! He is no longer in the company's employ!"

"That being the case, it will be necessary, in order to carry out the superintendent's directions, to take him into the company's employ once more."

"I won't have it! It is an imposition on me! It is an outrage! I'll resign!"

"You may do as you like about that. There isn't any one who can stop you."

"I know you have had something to do with getting this fellow back, Newman! Don't deny it!"

"I won't take the trouble, although I could do so with the utmost truthfulness. You have kicked up enough noise in my office, Cobb. Get out!"

"Do you mean to drive me out? I won't go till I get ready!"

"You'll go now, or I'll put you out myself!"

The master mechanic came from behind his desk, with the plain determination of making his words good, and the little man suddenly gave in.

"All right, I'll go!" he snarled; "but I'll see the superintendent about this! I'll know if I have any rights or authority on this road!"

And he popped out of the door, slamming it behind him.

CHAPTER V.

DOUBTFUL GENEROSITY.

Frank had remained quiet throughout this rather stormy interview between the master mechanic and train master. With some difficulty he repressed a smile of satisfaction when Cobb fled from the office before the aroused master mechanic.

Growling like an angry bear and champing at the cigar butt, Orrin Newman turned back and went to his desk. Then he suddenly wheeled and glared at Frank.

"You have caused more musses and trouble in a short time than any ten men ever before in the employ of this railroad," he declared.

"If that is the case, I am very sorry, sir," said Frank, with the utmost politeness, although the words and manner of the man made his cheeks burn.

"Well, it is so. Now Cobb is hot with me, and he'll try to make it unpleasant for me, because he thinks I am your friend. I have no friends among the employees of the road. I do not believe in it. I have received instructions concerning you from the superintendent, and I shall carry them out. I am not responsible for any difficulties that may arise over your being restored to the employ of the company after being summarily discharged for disobeying rules."

"I did not disobey rules, sir," declared Frank, promptly. "I know Mr. Cobb claimed that I did, but I have learned since my discharge that he was wrong. I was discharged for no good reason at all."

"Hum!" said Newman. "The company has the right to discharge whoever it pleases, without giving reasons for so doing."

Frank seemed to read the man, and he believed Orrin Newman had sounded him to learn if he really knew he had been unjustly discharged. The master mechanic made no further attempt to claim that there had been a just cause for Metriwell's discharge.

"I suppose that is true," admitted Frank; "but, in my case, the reason was given."

"We won't say anything more about that. I have another man on the freight, and he has proved perfectly satisfactory. He was put on there with the understanding that he could hold the job if he

Have You Read Clif Faraday's Adventures In Morro Castle?

proved all right. Of course I can't take him off and put you back."

Frank's heart sunk somewhat, but he promptly said:

"Of course not. That would not be using him right."

"I don't know just what to do with you, Merriwell. The superintendent says I am to give you work, but——"

The door flew open, and the train master strutted in with a triumphant air.

"Merriwell," he said, with a sneer, "you're wanted in the superintendent's office right away."

The master mechanic looked surprised.

"We'll see," cried Cobb—"we'll see if I have any authority on this road. I didn't have to say ten words to Mr. Eaton before he told me to send Merriwell to him. I think this will settle it."

"I will go see him, Mr. Newman," said Frank.

The master mechanic nodded, and Frank went out, followed by the sneering train master.

"You've been playing some kind of a game to get back here," said Cobb, when they were outside the office door; "but I rather think you are checkmated now."

"Perhaps not," said Merry, quietly. "It was my intention to appeal to the superintendent, had I not been notified to come back. I shall have an opportunity now, and I propose to improve it."

Cobb looked disturbed, but snapped:

"Little good that will do you!"

Frank walked straight to the office of the superintendent. He found Emery Eaton waiting for him, and he was literally astounded by the cordial manner in which he was received.

"Ha! I'm glad to see you back with us, Mr. Merriwell," gurgled the fat man.

"You show traces of your illness, but I've heard you had very good care, and the doctor said you were coming through

all right. That was very gratifying to me, sir—very."

"The doctor?" exclaimed Frank. "Did you see the doctor?"

"Yes, yes. Felt it was my duty, you know. The Blue Mountain Railroad feels an interest in all its employees."

Frank thought that the road had sometimes failed to show much interest in the poor devils who were toiling like slaves for the company; but he refrained from expressing his thoughts.

"And you," the superintendent went on—"you were a particularly promising young man. Your rapid rise since beginning work for the road is something unprecedented—something phenomenal. Phenomenal is quite the word—quite the word. I have watched you with great interest."

This was another surprise for Frank. He had not fancied the superintendent had ever given him any particular attention. In fact, on the one other occasion when he had been before Mr. Eaton, it had been necessary for him to tell just who he was and explain minutely what he had done, and even then the big man acted as if he had never heard of him or any of the things mentioned.

"Your escape from injury in that wreck was marvelous, and it gave me great satisfaction, Mr. Merriwell. Of course you may have been running rather reckless, but I understand that you were trying to make time, and all engineers do it. I presume the shock had much to do with your illness, but I think you have found that the company is not inclined to forget you."

"No. I was surprised to receive your note, Mr. Eaton. I had intended to see you as soon as I recovered, if you would see me."

"Young man, you will find this road is liberal in the treatment of its employees.

WAR BUTTONS FREE TO ALL READERS.

I know you were discharged by Mr. Cobb, but he is rather hasty at times, and that was one of the times. Any employee who believes himself unjustly treated always has the right to appeal to me. In this case, it is not necessary. As I said before, I think you have found the company is not inclined to forget you. Cutting out the bill of your physician, your illness could not have cost you much, save inconvenience and distress. We have attended to the doctor's bill."

"You?" cried Frank a light breaking in on him.

"I—the company. We saw to it that he was paid in full for his services. I am sure you appreciate that."

"Yes, but——"

"Now, not a word of thanks, young man," said Mr. Eaton, with a majestic wave of one ponderous paw. "I know what you would say. But that is not all. The company has been even more considerate."

Frank caught his breath. What was coming next?

"I have given instructions that your pay be continued the same as if you had been working these weeks that you have been ill. You may call for your money to-day, sir, and receive it."

Frank was overwhelmed. This was far beyond his greatest expectations, and he found himself unable to express his feelings in words.

Again the superintendent waved his hand.

"There," he said, "it is all right. I have told Mr. Newman to do his best by you. I don't know what he can give you just now, but eventually you will lose nothing by what has happened. You need not be in a hurry about going to work, if you do not feel well enough to jump into it at once."

"Oh, I am well enough!" declared

Merry, his heart swelling with gratefulness; "and the company shall find, if it is in my power to show them, that I know when I am well treated. I wish to thank——"

"No thanks! It's all right. You may go back to Newman now. Here, give him this."

The superintendent scrawled a few words of writing on a sheet of paper, which he folded and passed to Frank. Then, as if fearful that Merry would persist in expressing thanks, he urged him out by the door.

Once outside, Frank thought:

"Well, of all good fortune! And I thought luck had turned against me! This is too good to be true!"

Inside the office Emery Eaton rubbed his fat hands together and laughed aloud.

"There," he grunted, "that is getting out of it easy for the company. It is far better than to have him sue us for damages. The forward trucks of that engine were in no condition to run, which might be proved. Then he was unjustly discharged, and a smart lawyer would make quite a case of it. Yes, I think I have been very shrewd in handling this affair, and I have saved the company considerable bother and money."

Little did Frank Merriwell dream what were the real motives which actuated the company in its apparent liberal and generous treatment of him.

CHAPTER VI.

PRIDE HATH A FALL.

Back to the office of the master mechanic went Frank Merriwell. Newman glanced over the note and nodded.

"I don't suppose you want to go to work to-day?" he said.

"I am ready to go to work any time I am needed," answered Frank.

READ "TRUE BLUE" ONCE, AND YOU WILL READ IT FOREVER.

"Well, to-morrow will be time enough. I'll have to put you on a switch engine at first, as there is no other place for you; but the superintendent says I am to give you the first opening. Your pay is not to be cut, so I don't suppose you will object."

"I shall do my best, sir; wherever I am put."

"All right. You will be wanted early for making up trains. Be here by five o'clock to-morrow morning. You may get a bill of your time and receive your pay now."

So Frank went from the master mechanic's office to that of the paymaster, and received pay for the time that he had been absent from work.

With that money in his pocket, he started for home, feeling light-hearted and happy. He walked down the tracks to the lower station, into which a passenger train had just drawn.

As he approached, Frank was surprised to see an old farmer who had driven into town with a load of vegetables calmly hitching his horse to the rear platform of the last car of the passenger train.

Merry paused and stared at the man in astonishment. It seemed incredible that any man should be hayseed enough to do such a thing, but the old fellow had "verdant" written all over him, and Frank decided to warn him that his "hitching post" might have a notion to move on with the horse.

"Look here, mister," called Merry, laughing, "you hadn't better hitch your horse there."

The old fellow looked at Frank in surprise.

"Jinuary'll be all right there, I reckon," he answered. "She's a leetle skitish at times, so I don't like to let her stand 'thout hitchin'."

"But that train won't stay there all day," warned Frank, still laughing.

"Don't 'spect it to," answered the old fellow. "I only want to leave Jinuary here till I step inter the deepoe and ax 'em what the tax is on a ticket to Belgrade. My darter Nancy she's goin' over to see her aunt next week, and I want to find out how much I've got to git inter my traowers for to send her over. I won't be more'n a minute."

"But that minute may be too long. They'll be apt to move that train right away."

"Well, b'gosh! they better not be in a 'tarnal rush about it. Whut be you laughin' at! You seem to find somethin' all-fired funny round here somewhere. If you're laughin' at me, you could have better manners."

The old man was growing indignant, and the humor of the situation appealed to Frank more and more.

"Laugh, ding it—laugh!" shouted the farmer, as he started away.

He had not gone far before the train suddenly started.

"Look out for your horse!" cried Frank.

"Mind your business!" exploded the farmer.

"The train is going."

"You'd better be goin'!"

Then the man turned and discovered that Frank actually spoke the truth, for the train was pulling out of the station, with the old white horse trotting along behind, and the cart bumping over the ties.

The farmer stopped and stared. Then he yelled:

"Whoa, Jinuary!"

The old horse heard the cry and tried to stop, but the stout halter jerked the animal along, and away she ambled at the end of the rope. The train gained

YOU SHOULD GET A WAR BADGE AT ONCE.

speed, and the vegetables soon began to bounce out of the wagon.

Then the farmer awakened and started on a wild run after his nag. He presented a most ludicrous spectacle, and everybody laughed to see him go tearing along the track, wildly waving his arms.

"Goding it! Hold on a minute!" he yelled. "Stop them keers! They're runnin' away with my hoss! Darned if this ain't an awful scrape! Whoa, Jiniuary!"

Bump, bump, bump-e-ty-bump! The old cart was rattling merrily over the ties, while squashes and cabbages were flying in all directions. The spectators were convulsed with laughter.

The train gained speed, and the horse was literally jerked along. It is doubtful if the old nag had ever before made such speed. Her neck was stretched out straight as she went tearing along in the wild endeavor to keep up.

And the old farmer developed amazing abilities as a sprinter. His legs seemed to flail the air as he went plunging along the track in frantic jumps. One trouser leg was tucked into a boot, while the other was outside. His long whiskers were fanned by the breeze, and his eyes bulged from his head. He clawed at the air as he ran, as if trying to get along faster in that manner.

"I'll prosecute the railroad fer runnin' off with my hoss!" he yelled. "Dinged if I don't! I'll make 'em pay purty darn heavy damages, too!"

But that threat did not seem to have any effect, for the train continued to go faster.

Everybody wondered how long the old horse could keep up. Already it seemed that the animal's neck had been stretched at least two feet longer than was natural.

At length, something snapped. There was a general parting of the harness, which was stripped off the horse, and the

train sped on, with the halter and some broken straps dangling from the rear end. The old cart whirled off the track and upset completely, going to pieces with a crash as it landed bottom up. The horse, finding herself released, stopped and stared after the train in a manner that was extremely comical, and then looked over her shoulder toward her excited owner, who was approaching.

The old farmer came up and stopped to survey the wreck, while the horse whinnied pathetically, as if asking what kind of a flim-flam game she had been up against.

The spectators came hurrying to the spot and gathered near. Some of them were still laughing.

Frank came up with the others, and the old farmer saw him. He approached Merry, his manner humble and dejected.

"Say," he observed, "be you the young feller what told me not to hitch my hoss to the keers?"

"I am," Frank answered.

"I didn't pay any attention to ye, did I?"

"Not a great deal."

"Went right on an' hitched jest the same as if you wasn't on earth?"

"Yes, sir."

"Kinder let on that I reckoned I knowed what I was doin' of?"

"You said something of the sort."

"Yas, I think I did. The keers run away with old Jiniuary, an' smashed things to everlastin' flinders. Scattered all my punkins an' squashes, an' turnips over the neighborhood. Ripped the harness off old Jiniuary an' upsot my waggon an' knocked it inter kindlin' wood. That's 'bout what happened, ain't it?"

"I should say that is about the extent of it."

"Yas. Know my name?"

"No, sir, I haven't that honor."

"'Tain't no honor. I might hev thought it was this mornin', but now I know better. I believe I was kinder proud an' stuck up when I left hum this mornin'. I reckoned I was about as smart an' thrifty as anybody in our section. My name's Joshua Pettingill, an' I live out to Fogg's Corners. I've jest put a new rooster weather-vane onter my barn 'cause I was so darn proud. I'm gon' right hum an' take it down. I ain't proud no more. I'm the biggest gol ding fool in this hull county! Would you do me a favor?"

"If I can, sir," promised Frank, repressing his laughter.

"Then jest kick me a couple or three times as hard as you kin. I need it, an' it'll do me good. Don't be skeered of hurtin' me. The more you hurt, the longer I'll remember it."

Frank begged to be excused, and the old fellow seemed genuinely sorry.

"I'd oughter thank you fer tellin' me not to hitch to the keers," he said; "but I'm feelin' too tolerable darn miserable. If I can't git nobody here to kick me, I know whut I kin do. I'll jest lead January hum, an' the old woman will yank enough hair out of my hed to stuff a mattress when I tell her all about it."

He really seemed to feel some satisfaction in this thought, and taking the old horse by the mane, he turned humbly and sadly down the track.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CRAZY INVENTOR.

Of course Frank's good fortune brought joy to all his friends. Little Nell was very happy, while Andrew Congrave and Sadie expressed congratulations.

Inza came, and Frank told her. She smiled and said:

"It is simply what you deserve, Frank.

The road would not have treated you with justice had it done differently."

"Yes, but big railroads seldom stop to think whether they are treating their employees with justice or not. You do not seem to realize how remarkable this is, Inza."

He spoke a trifle sharply, but she continued to smile. She was well aware what had caused the railroad to treat Merry with such unexpected generosity, and she felt that she had played her cards well. The knowledge that Frank had received such treatment at the hands of Emery Eaton was reward enough for her.

That evening, at Inza's request, Frank called on her at the home of her friends, where he was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Harper, and made a splendid impression. Mr. Harper had heard a great deal about the young engineer, and he expected to see a rather common fellow, for all that his daughter and his daughter's friend were so enthusiastic over Merry. His surprise on meeting a refined, polished young gentleman who could converse intelligently on any subject he mentioned may be imagined. His interest in Frank grew rapidly, and, before the evening was over, he said to his wife:

"Really, Sarah, that young man is a wonder to me. He was cut out for something better than his present occupation."

"I think so, too, Joseph," agreed the good wife. "It is a shame for such a nice, clean young gentleman to have to do such dirty work."

"He'll work up—he'll work up, my dear. I can see that he is made of the right sort of stuff to get on."

"Yes, but you know how hard it is to work up in the world without a helping hand. Now, you are particularly friendly with Mr. Eaton, and you might speak a good word for the boy."

FREE WAR BADGES. SEE LAST PAGE.

Joseph Harper coughed and moved uneasily.

"Really, I do not think it would be advisable," he said. "You know how set Eaton is, and he might resent my interference."

This was enough to make Mrs. Harper all the more determined to carry her point.

"I know Mr. Eaton is a very obstinate man; but I also know that you are one of the stockholders in that road, and you can have some influence with him. It is your duty, Joseph, to do something for this youth who once stopped a runaway that might have caused the death of your daughter. You are indebted to him, and, as yet, you have done very little to square the account."

"Well, well, well! Perhaps you are right. If I get a good opportunity, I will say something to Eaton about him."

But that did not satisfy his wife.

"You must make an opportunity, Joseph. I say it is your duty. Now, I want you to promise me that you will use your influence to advance Mr. Merriwell."

Joseph hesitated, for he well knew that business men do not relish interference in their affairs by outside parties; but his wife continued to insist, and he finally said:

"Oh, well, Sarah, I suppose I'll have to do so, if you persist. You know I can't resist you—never could."

"Then you will try to influence Mr. Eaton favorably toward the young man?"

"Yes, yes; I'll do what I can. There, that ought to satisfy you."

"It does, for I know that you always keep your promises to me, Joseph."

Thus it came about that there were hidden influences at work for Frank.

After spending a very pleasant evening, Frank went home to get a good night's rest, for he was to be on hand early the following morning to take charge of the switch engine.

Frank slept well. He was up long before daylight, and, after eating a hasty breakfast, away to his work.

On arriving at the roundhouse, he was informed that he was to take out No. 9, a new engine, built to replace an old one that had been wrecked. The new engine

was to be run around over the yard to test her before she was put onto a train.

As Frank approached the track on which No. 9 stood he saw the fireman busy getting her ready, while another man was in the cab watching him.

When Frank swung up into the cab the fireman straightened up, and Merriwell cried, with satisfaction:

"Hello, Larry!"

The fireman gave a whoop.

"Is it yersilf, Frankie?" he shouted. "It's a soight fer sore oies ye are, me b'y!"

Larry Logan grasped Frank's hand and almost wrung it off.

"An' ye're back again!" laughed the young Irishman. "Oi hearrud as how ye wur discharged."

"I was."

"An' they took yez back? But ye wur sick, an' ye lost all yer pay th' whoile."

"On the contrary, my pay was continued all the time I was ill, and the company paid the doctor's bill."

Larry actually staggered.

"Pwhat's thot ye're givin' us?" he cried. "Is it a jolly ye're throyin' on me, Frankie?"

"Not a bit of it. I am telling you the truth."

"Well, Oi nivver hearrud th' loikes av thot! Oi don't understand it at all, at all. Marruk me worrud, there's something behind it. Th' company nivver did anything av th' sort out av th' goodness av its hearrut. They ixpect to git back more thin it cost thim."

"I fail to see how they can expect anything of the sort."

"But it nivver wur generosity thot made thim do ut, Frankie—nivver in th' worrud."

"Well, they did it, that's all I know, and now I am to run this engine."

"But it's not as good job as ye had before. This is a switch engin', ye know."

"Who says so?" broke in a deep voice, and the third man in the cab was glaring at Larry. "This engine is to draw the Fast Express. I know, for I designed her myself, and she is the best engine ever made. I am to be the engineer when she goes out with the expres."

"Who is his nob?" asked Frank, in a low tone.

"It's th' truth he said whin he told thot he desoigned this engine, me b'y," whispered Larry. "His name is Herman Heinz, an' this engine wur made by his plans an' under his supervision. It's a crank he is, an' he's afther bein' dead nutty over th' engine."

"Why is he on here?"

"Whoy, he slapes on her! 'Th' company lets him do thot. Oi wur told not to moind him. 'They say it's harrumliss he is."

"Well, I don't fancy having a crazy man round an engine I am running," muttered Frank.

Herman Heinz looked rather wild. He was dirty and unkempt, and his hair and beard were long and tangled. His eyes were bright and restless.

Suddenly the man turned on Frank.

"You are too young to run my beauty," he declared. "You shall not run her! I'll do it myself!"

"That is not necessary, Mr. Heinz," said Merry, placidly. "As the constructor of the engine, you can see much better how she works if you are not employed in running her."

"I know how she will work," the man declared. "She will run further on a tank of water than any other engine can run on two. Her lubricators and balance valves are my own particular patents. There is nothing like them on any other engine. She will burn less coal and make greater speed than any other engine on the road. I know what I am talking about, for she is the result of years of study and planning. Night after night I have stayed awake thinking about her. Bit by bit she has grown in my brain. I knew exactly how she would look and what she would do long before the first blow was struck on her. I watched them building her. When the wheels were put under her and she was in condition, I slept in the engine tank. Never since that time have I left her for a moment. I have put my soul into her. She is a part of me!"

Heinz had grown wildly excited as he spoke, but Frank talked calmly to him, and he began to quiet down.

"Of course," said Merry, "she must be a phenomenal engine. She is very beautiful. One can see that at a glance."

"Beautiful!" exclaimed the inventor, rapturously. "She is as beautiful as a summer morning! How I love her! How I love her!"

Frank and Larry exchanged looks.

"It's wild enough he is," whispered the fireman. "'Th' marn nades watchin'."

Frank thought so, too, and he resolved to keep an eye on Heinz.

The inventor talked to himself, and to the engine by turns. He seemed to think that the locomotive could hear and understand. Sometimes he whispered to her, as if he did not wish the others to hear.

At last, when the time came to run her out, Heinz was wildly excited. As Frank took his position and reached for the throttle, the man suddenly screamed:

"Be careful! be careful! You must not use her as if she were an ordinary engine! Handle her gently, as if she were a delicate girl. Be tender and affectionate with her. If you are rough with her I will strangle you."

Merry immediately decided to get rid of the crazy fellow as soon as possible.

No. 9 ran out slowly and was turned upon a certain track that led to the yards.

After a little, Heinz laughed and clapped his hands, like a pleased child.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" he cried. "See how grand she is! How easily she glides along! Oh, she will be the wonder of the world, and I shall be famous. She will be known as the engine with a human soul, for I have put my soul into her!"

"'Th' marn should be locked up!" muttered Larry.

"What's that?" snarled Heinz, wheeling on him. "What do you know about it? You are not fit to be on her! I shall see that you are removed and a better man put in your place. I saw you slam the firebox door."

"Oi'd luke to slam yure head!" said Larry, under his breath.

Some of the mechanics came out and watched the engine in the gray morning

DO YOU WANT A FLAG BUTTON OR PIN?

light as Frank ran her around over the yard, using various tests on her to see how she worked. The master mechanic appeared. He knew the new engine was to be tested that morning, and he wished to see with his own eyes how she behaved. After a time he came up and asked:

"How does she maneuver, Merriwell?"

"I think she is a trifle queer," answered Frank; "but it may be because I am not quite used to her."

Heinz gave a cry of anger.

"He does not understand her, Mr. Newman!" declared the inventor. "She is the most wonderful engine in the world, but I am the only one who can run her properly."

"You are not a locomotive engineer, Heinz."

"But I designed her, and I can run her. Won't you let me run her, Mr. Newman? Please let me run her!"

The man began to plead, but the master mechanic cut him short.

"It is impossible. You have been given every privilege, but you know nothing about handling a yard engine, and you would cause an accident within an hour."

Heinz ground his yellow teeth together and turned away.

"I will run her!" he grated, with savage determination. "She is a part of me, and it hurts me when anybody else handles her. I will run her!"

Frank stepped down from the cab.

"Mr. Newman," he said, in a low tone, "that man is not right in his head."

"I know he is a little off," nodded the master mechanic. "But I think he will come round all right. You see, he worked night and day over that engine while it was being constructed, and he got a trifle daffy about her."

"I think it is dangerous to have him around her."

"Oh, I guess not. He's harmless. I was forced to give him liberty to ride around with her while she was being tried, or have him locked up. I thought he might cool down if he saw her work a while. Don't mind him."

"All right, if you say so; but I don't

like to have a crazy man in my cab. It is hard to tell what they may do."

"Between you and the fireman, you should be able to keep a watch on him."

So Frank was obliged to put up with the annoyance of having the crazy inventor in the cab.

No. 9 was set to making up trains and shifting cars about. Frank found her rather troublesome, for she was irregular in stopping and starting. Sometimes she would stop dead when such a thing was not expected and again she would stop in a perfectly natural manner. Then she would start at a touch, like a fiery horse beneath the touch of a whip, and at other times she would start with the utmost reluctance.

All this was very provoking, and made her hard to handle about the yard work.

Heinz declared she was not made for such wretched work, and at last he sent for the master mechanic, refusing to leave her long enough to go to Newman's office.

"Now," he said, "we'll see if the soul of my soul is to be made a common drudge here! She shall draw the Fast Express, and I will run her."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CRAFT OF INSANITY.

The train master was passing through the yard when he saw Frank Merriwell on No. 9. He stopped and stared, as if unable to believe the evidence of his eyes. Then he came up to the engine in a hurry.

"So you are at work again!" he said, his voice trembling with anger. "You managed to get back some way, did you? You must have got down and crawled for the old man."

Frank looked the sputtering little man over and simply smiled. That smile was more aggravating than words could have been. Cobb turned red as a beet.

"Oh, I am not done with you yet!" he exclaimed. "I have some authority, and I can work a pull with people bigger even than the old man. We'll see how long you stay!"

He was about to go away when the master mechanic came up in response to a notice from one of the men that the

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crazy inventor was getting unruly and demanded that he should come. It had happened that Newman was near at hand at the time, but he would not have answered a call from any other person.

Cobb saw Newman approaching, and his anger flamed forth. He was excitable and unable to be discreet. He had never liked Newman, and now he did not hesitate to express himself.

"So you are working against me!" he snapped. "I have known it for some time, but now I have proof of it. Oh, it's all right! You will find I am not such a soft thing!"

Newman was chewing at the butt of a cigar, as usual. He gave Cobb a withering look.

"Now, what is the matter with you?" he demanded. "Are you off your nut, or what ails you?"

"Oh, you can pretend that you don't know what I mean! You are working against me! You got that fellow back after I discharged him! I know it!"

"Mr. Cobb, you know altogether too much for your own good."

"You can't deny it!"

"Ordinarily I would not take the trouble, but now I will say that I had nothing at all to do with it."

"Then how does it happen that he is working? You must have set him to work."

"I did."

"I knew it!"

"Under directions from the old man."

"Do you mean that Mr. Eaton restored him?"

"Yes."

"I don't believe it!"

"I don't care whether you believe it or not. I will tell you something more. Your discharge of Merriwell did not hold for a minute, as he has been paid for every day of his time since the wreck happened. The company did not dock him a minute."

This was a staggering blow for the train master.

His face had been flushed with anger, but now he turned pale.

"I don't believe that, either!" he finally managed to say.

"As I told you before, I do not care

whether you believe it or not. You can easily find out if it is true. By inquiring you will also learn that the company settled Merriwell's doctor's bill. Perhaps when you have learned for a fact that this is true you will realize that I had nothing to do with his restoration. If you want to get rid of him you'll have to work some other wire. Your circuit is cut."

This was extremely humiliating for the train master, and he now hurried away without saying another word.

Then Newman turned on Heinz.

"Now, what is the matter with you?" he demanded, in his most unpleasant manner. "You have caused bother enough, and you are getting tiresome."

"Who designed this engine?" cried Heinz, fiercely. "I did! Who watched her construction and saw that she was built properly? I did! Who put his very soul and life into her? I did!"

"Well, you have told everybody that. What about it?"

"Now, I demand that I be given the right to run her. This boy does not know how to handle her. He will ruin her! Do you hear? She is delicate, and he will injure her permanently."

"I have told you that you would not be permitted to run her. I am tired of wasting my breath on you."

"I will run her! She is mine! She belongs to me! You have no right to set her about the common drudgery of yard work! She should draw the Fast Express! She shall draw the Fast Express! I command you to send her out with the express!"

Newman rolled the cigar over into the other corner of his mouth.

"It looks to me as if you'll find yourself in a straitjacket before long," he said.

"The engine must be given a trial about the yards before she is hitched to a train. Even then it is likely that she'll pull a freight first."

"A freight!" shouted the inventor, flourishing his arms. "My beautiful girl disgraced by pulling a freight? Never! I will not permit it!"

"Now, look here, if you keep this funny business up, we'll have to take care of you. Do you understand?"

"I see! I see!" burst from the inventor. "I understand it now! There is a conspiracy against me and my beautiful girl! But I will foil it!"

Newman was losing patience with the man.

Larry Logan laughed softly, and said to Frank:

"Old Whiskers is doin' a roight good job fer us, me b'y. We'll be afther gettin' rid av him now."

Heinz heard the young Irishman's words, and, of a sudden, his manner changed. A crafty light came into his eyes, and he grew mild and peaceable.

"Perhaps you are right," he said, gently. "I take such interest in her that I may seem foolish. Of course she must be tested before she is hitched to the Fast Express. But that will come—it must come when they understand her and know what a wonderful machine she is. You will see to it, Mr. Newman, if she proves superior to any other engine on the road that she is put onto the express."

Newman chewed at the cigar.

"She will be placed where she will be of the most service to the road," he said. "What you need is rest, Heinz, and I advise you to go home and get some. They say you were so excited over the prospect of her trial to-day that you did not close your eyes last night. If you would take a good rest you'd feel better."

"Rest! Ha! ha! Why, it rests me to be with my girl! It rests me to look at her! That is all the rest I need."

"Well, you must promise not to make any further bother. You must not interfere with the running of the engine. And when she is put into the round-house you must go home. Do you understand?"

Heinz slowly bowed his head, but the crafty light still gleamed in his eyes. Merriwell saw it there.

"I understand, Mr. Newman," he said. "Don't mind me. I can't leave her now. It is all right."

The master mechanic seemed to consider it settled, and so he turned away, much to the disappointment of Larry Logan, who had hoped that the inventor would be removed.

Heinz muttered to himself.

"They would take me from her! I saw that! They never shall! I will run away with her! Wait! I'll find an opportunity. Then let them separate us!"

Neither Frank nor Larry understood any of this.

And now the inventor seemed strangely calm and quiet. He did not bother Merry or Larry, and he showed no symptoms other than interest in the working of the engine.

There was plenty of work for No. 9, and Frank kept her hustling till the middle of the forenoon. At last she was stopped for a short time, and Frank got down to pour some tallow on her main pins, which had grown hot. Larry was watching for a signal. They were to cross the main track, and a switchman opened the switch for them.

Heinz had been watching for this very moment. He believed his time had come, and he sprang forward and pulled the throttle wide open, without releasing the brake.

No. 9 gave a lurch, and then her wheels began to spin round swiftly on the smooth rails, but she stood still.

Frank gave a shout of alarm and sprang into the cab, while Larry whirled about at the same time.

They found the crazy inventor working at the throttle in a frantic effort to shut off steam, but the lever was stuck fast, and all his strength could not close it.

CHAPTER IX.

LARRY'S DEVOTION.

"Shut off!"

The cry came from Frank.

Larry whirled about and attempted to assist Heinz.

"Begorra, it's shtuck!" cried the fireman.

Frank's thought was that the throttle had been left partly open, and it had been forced out by the pressure of the steam. He saw the inventor struggling to close it, and so he did not suspect that the man had yanked it open.

Heinz had possessed sense enough to realize that something was wrong when the wheels whirled round and the engine

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refused to go forward, so he had tried at once to close the throttle; but he had yanked it wide open, and it was stuck fast.

Frank leaped into the cab, and hurled both Heinz and Larry aside with a sweep of his arm. Then he grasped the lever and tried to close the throttle.

No use; he could not do it.

Then he released the brake, as the switch was open, hoping that would permit the engine to move ahead.

But by this time the wheels were revolving so rapidly that they had no adhesive power, and the engine still stood there, trembling and roaring, while the drivers tore a solid stream of fire off the track, seeming to have tires of flame.

With a scream of agony, Heinz sprang on Frank, beating him with his fists.

"You have ruined my soul!" shrieked the inventor, "You have destroyed my life."

Frank was stunned for a moment, for the blows showered upon him were by no means gentle. He attempted to turn, but the inventor struck him in the eyes, knocking him backward.

Then Larry took a hand.

"Shtop thot, ye spalpene!" he cried, catching Heinz by the neck and flinging him back against the tender.

Then Frank recovered and opened both injectors. Then, with the cold water pouring in and the fire going out, the engine quickly began to cool off.

"That will stop her!" exclaimed Frank.

Heinz gained his feet and sprang into the cab again, almost frothing at the mouth.

"Devils!" he shouted. "Get away from her! You have wrought her destruction! I will have your lives for it!"

"Take care of him, Larry!" cried Frank.

"All right, me b'y."

Larry squared away at Heinz and gave the man a terrible crack on the chin. The inventor was knocked backward, and then Larry jumped on him, caught hold of him and threw him off the engine. The man struck sprawling beside the track.

By this time the engine wheels ground harshly and came to a stop, much to Frank's relief.

A number of persons were running toward No. 9, and there was some excitement in the yard.

"It's th' divvil's own machine she is!" growled the fireman. "She troied to run away all by hersilf."

"Are you sure she did it herself?" asked Frank.

"Av coorse. Didn't ye see Heinz troying to shut her off?"

"Yes, but it is strange the throttle should have worked open so suddenly, for her drivers started all at once and began to spin furiously."

"It's th' ould Nick is in her," declared Larry. "Thot's pwhat's th' matther."

"Well, now we'll have to see how much damage she has done."

They got down to look, and Frank gasped for breath when he saw what had happened. The drivers had dug great holes in the steel rails, while the tires on the back pair of driving wheels had become so heated that they had loosened and slipped nearly off the wheels.

Among those who came hurriedly to the spot was Henry Cobb, the train master. There was an ill-concealed look of triumph on the face of the little man.

"Send for the master mechanic," he said. "He should see what has happened to this engine."

So somebody went for the master mechanic.

Cobb gave Merry a triumphant look.

"I knew you would do it!" he said, in a low tone; "but it happened sooner than I expected. You have knocked out this new machine, and I rather think that will finish you."

"Av ye say he did ut, it's not th' truth ye're tellin', Misther Cobb!" exclaimed the fireman, hotly. "It's mesilf thot wur to blame!"

Frank gave Larry a look of astonishment.

"You?" said the train master.

"Yis," nodded Larry.

"That's too thin. You were not running the engine."

"Oi wur on her."

"That makes no difference. Merriwell was in charge of her, and he'll have to take the consequences."

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By this time the throttle had cooled so Frank was able to close it.

In a short time the master mechanic was seen approaching. Cobb triumphantly awaited him.

Herman Heinz had recovered and was weeping over the engine like a child, wringing his hands and pulling at his long hair. Round and round her he walked, crying:

"Oh, my beautiful girl! Ruined, ruined!"

"What is the matter here?" asked Newman, as he came up.

"Take a look at this new engine, and you will see," said the train master. "Your especial pet has played the dickens with her."

Newman paid no attention to Cobb, but demanded of Frank what had happened.

Merry explained that he was pouring tallow on the main pins when the drivers of the engine began to revolve. He told the whole story in a very few straightforward words.

Cobb listened and sneered.

"You can see now, Mr. Newman, how his carelessness caused the wreck at Dashville station. He must have left the throttle open when he stepped off the engine. It was open just a little, and the pressure of steam forced it out. You can see what the result is."

"Is that the way it happened, Merriwell?" asked the master mechanic.

"Of course he will deny it," quickly put in Cobb.

"He don't nade to denoy it," said Larry Logan. "Nivver a bit is it thrue. Oi can tell jist how it happened."

Newman turned to the fireman, and Larry quickly went on:

"It wur mesilf thot did it," he declared.

"You?" said Newman.

"You?" exclaimed Cobb.

"You?" gasped Frank.

"Mesilf," nodded Larry. "Oi didn't mane to do ut, but Oi pulled th' lever by accidint. Thin Oi couldn't close ut."

Frank was astounded, for he had not dreamed that Larry was responsible.

Cobb looked disgusted, while Newman

glared at the young Irishman as if longing to annihilate him.

"It's a nice job you have done!" said the master mechanic. "We'll have to find out just how bad she is injured. Get up a new fire in her as soon as possible."

So Larry went to work making another fire, which took some time. When steam was up, everybody watched to see what No. 9 would do. Frank gave her steam, but she refused to move, although the brake was not set.

"It's th' Ould Nick is in her, jist as Oi said," muttered Larry. "She's sthuck to th' track!"

They got down to see what held her.

"It's the tires," said the master mechanic. "They have cooled and clasped the firebox, which is now expanded by the heat. She'll never move an inch under her own steam till she is repaired. Put out that fire again."

This was done, and the tires let loose. Then another engine was sent for to take No. 9 into the roundhouse.

"There will be another engine for you this afternoon, Merriwell," said the master mechanic, "and another fireman. As for you, Logan, you may go home and rest till you are sent for."

Frank was sorry for Larry, but he could not say a word that would help the fireman's case.

And only Larry Logan and Herman Heinz knew that the young Irishman had deliberately lied and assumed the responsibility of the disaster to the engine in order to save Frank Merriwell.

CHAPTER X.

PROMOTED TO THE MOUNTAIN EXPRESS.

"Why did you tell that story, Larry?" asked Frank, when he found an opportunity to speak to the fireman.

"Pwhat shitory?" asked Larry, averting his eyes.

"About yanking open the throttle. That was pretty thin."

"Wur ut?"

"Of course it was."

Larry was silent.

"How did the throttle come open, Larry?"

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"Oi told th' mashter mechanic thot Oi opened ut."

"I know you did."

"Thot settled ut."

"Why did you tell him thot?"

"It's yourself thot would have been bounced av Oi hadn't."

"Well, now you are suspended."

"Oi'll pull out av thot all roight."

"But it's not fair, Larry."

"It's bettther thin havin' you discharged. Oi'll get back, me b'y. Av you had been discharged it would have been all up wid yez."

"Larry, I appreciate this friendship, but it is not right that you should suffer for me."

"Nivver a bit am Oi. You wur not to blame. Thot engin' is th' Ould Nick, an' Oi told yez so. All th' same, ye couldn't lay ut onto th' engine. Somebody had to tak th' blame."

"Well, Larry, you shall find that I appreciate what you have done, but I do not believe you opened the throttle."

Larry winked in an odd manner.

"Oi said Oi did, an' thot settled ut. Dhrop ut at thot, Frankie. It's ould Cobb did not get the bist av ye thot thrip. Ye'll bate him in th' ind."

"I hope so, but it is pretty hard for a common engineer to have an enemy in the train master."

"He'll make inemies fer himself thry-in' to hurrut yez. It alwus happens thot way. Th' person thot thries to hurrut another is bound to hurrut himsilf more in th' ind."

"Well, Larry, I hope they will let you be my fireman when you come back."

"It's mesilf thot hopes th' same, Frankie. Be thot toime ye'd oughter be doin' somethin' better than runnin' a shwitch engin'."

Larry departed, and Frank went home to dinner. They were surprised to see him, as they had not expected him. It happened that Inza had come round shortly before Frank appeared, thinking to find little Nell and Jack at home near noon.

"Why Frank!" she exclaimed, in surprise; "how is this? I supposed you would be far away now, with a train."

"They put me onto a yard engine," explained Merry.

"Oh, is that a better job than you had before?"

"It is not considered as good."

"Indeed!"

Inza's dark eyes flashed. She was not pleased and she showed it.

"Then they are not treating you right, Frank. You should have had a better job after all that has happened to you. Mr. Eaton said——"

She stopped in confusion.

"What's that?" cried Frank. "Mr. Eaton said what? What do you know about Mr. Eaton?"

"Oh, nothing!" she declared. "Only I——why, I have met him."

"You met him?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"At Mr. Harper's. He was there at dinner one evening."

Frank looked at her closely, and a faint ray of light seemed to break over him.

"So you have met Emery Eaton?" he said, slowly. "When did this happen?"

"Some time ago."

"Before I got well?"

"Yes."

"Inza, I begin to believe it is possible I owe more to you than I imagined."

"You owe me nothing, Frank."

"I believe that, somehow—I know not how—you had something to do with my getting my position back. Am I right?"

"Oh, I don't know! Don't ask such foolish questions, Frank! You got no more than you deserved—not what you deserve. They should not have put you on an old yard engine."

He caught her in his arms and kissed her.

"Inza," he said, softly, "you are my true friend! I shall never forget it!"

"Oh, it's nothing, Frank—nothing!" she murmured. "Think of the many things you have done for me! Why, Frank, more than once you have saved my life. Wouldn't I be a mean girl if I did nothing for you when an opportunity came!"

She was laughing, but he could see a mist like tears in her beautiful eyes.

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"I didn't know there was such a power working for me," he said, huskily. "But you have done enough—too much. I shall get along all right now."

When Frank returned to work that afternoon, he was given another engine and a different fireman. He was also told that it had been necessary to lock Heinz up.

"The fellow was dead nutty," said the fireman. "He got so bad he was dangerous. I think he caused the trouble on No. 9. If he had not been on the engine, it wouldn't have happened."

That set Merry thinking. When he jumped up to get into the cab, he saw Heinz trying with all his strength to close the throttle, which was wide open. Larry Logan was springing to assist the crazy inventor.

"Larry did not open the throttle," thought Frank. "He lied to save me from being discharged. If the steam did not force it open, Heinz must have opened it himself."

The more he thought about this the firmer became his conviction that the inventor had been responsible for the accident. He resolved to intercede for Larry, and improved the first opportunity to see the master mechanic in his office.

Newman listened impatiently to Frank's story. When Merry was finished, he said:

"It's plain you don't now how it happened, Merriwell. Logan said he did it."

"But it was not possible, Mr. Newman, for he was not at the throttle when I sprang up to get into the cab. Heinz was there, trying to push the lever back. The man is crazy, and he was the one who did the trick."

"Then Logan had no business to tell a lie about it."

"He did so to save me from being discharged, for he saw that Cobb was going to use the accident against me. He thought that was the only way to save me."

"Stuff and nonsense, Merriwell! People do not do such things! They are not fools! It's every man for himself in this world. You can't make me believe anybody would sacrifice himself like that for another."

"Still, I am sure I am right, Mr. Newman. Larry had to push Heinz in order to get at the lever. Heinz was there first."

"Then it may be that Cobb was right, and you left the throttle open a bit, so the steam forced it out. I'd advise you not to tell that story, as it will look bad against you. Just keep still about it, Merriwell, that is my advice."

That was all the satisfaction Frank could get out of Orrin Newman, but it came about that Larry was taken back to work in a very short time. And, what pleased them both, he was put onto Frank's engine.

At the end of a week No. 9 was repaired and sent out again. Herman Heinz was still locked up, so he was not around to bother anybody.

Once more Merriwell and Logan were put onto the engine, and she worked beautifully for them. No fault could be found with her. In fact, Frank believed that she was the best engine he had ever handled, and he reported favorably on her.

It was Saturday morning that Frank was called to the office of the master mechanic. To his surprise, Orrin Newman received him with something like politeness.

"Mr. Merriwell," said the master mechanic, "one of our chief engineers has reported sick and somebody must fill his place. It may be a temporary position or it may be permanent. How would you like to run the Mountain Express?"

For a moment Frank Merriwell was speechless. The Mountain Express was the best and fastest train on the Blue Mountain Railroad. There was not an engineer on the road but would have jumped at the position.

"I should like it very much," said Merry, as calmly as he could.

"Then I presume you will be ready to go out on it Monday."

"Yes, sir."

"You have reported favorably on No. 9?"

"Yes, sir."

"I believe she is a first-class engine from what I have seen of her. The engine that has been running on the ex-

press is in need of repairs. I shall put on No. 9."

"That will suit me."

"I suppose you would like to have Logan fire for you."

"I would, indeed."

"All right, you shall have him. You will report to the train master and take your orders from him. Good-day."

Frank's head fairly swam, when he left the master mechanic's office. Promoted to the Mountain Express! He had not dared dream of such fortune.

"The hidden influence that has been working in my favor has brought this about," he thought. "I wonder how much I owe Inza."

With a proud step he went directly to the office of the train master. He fancied Cobb would show his anger, but the little man seemed to know all about it in advance, and he was very docile. He gave Frank his directions in a low tone, without looking Merry in the eyes.

To Frank's credit be it said that he did not display an air of triumph over the little man who had failed in his efforts to keep him down.

CHAPTER XI.

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

It was Frank's first trip as engineer of the Mountain Express. Everything had run finely to the first stopping place, but the boilers of No. 9 were foaming, as the boilers of new engines are certain to do.

"She's doing pretty well, Larry," said Merry.

"Oi don't thrust her, me b'y," returned the fireman. "But she may be all roight so long as ould Heinz is not on her. By th' way, did yez hear thot he escaped this mornin'?"

"Escaped?"

"Sure thing."

"From custody?"

"Yis. He is at large somewhere now."

"Well, all I ask is that he keeps away from us."

Frank received the signal to go ahead, and soon the express was pulling out of the station.

They were not fairly under way when a man came bounding wildly over the top

of the tender and was in the cab in a moment. He caught Larry in his arms, getting him at a disadvantage, and threw the fireman bodily from the cab and the engine!

This happened in a twinkling, and when Frank whirled about Herman Heinz, his lips drawn back from his yellow teeth, looking like a fiend let loose, made a leap at the engineer.

Frank tried to knock the man's hands aside, but he had been taken by surprise, and Heinz closed with him.

Naturally Merriwell was very strong, but it is possible that he had not entirely recovered from his recent illness, for the madman clasped him, tore him from his seat and bore him to the floor.

Certain it is that the man possessed unnatural strength at that moment, for he handled Frank swiftly and easily.

Merriwell's head struck with a thump that stunned him. Then Heinz's fingers were at his throat.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the maniac. "Try to run away with my beautiful girl, will you? Ha! ha! You shall not have her! She is mine, mine! I gave her my soul! Never will we be parted again! Together we will go far, far away! Ha! ha! ha!"

Frank tried to tear the man's hands from his white throat, but the blow on his head had seemed to rob him still further of his strength. He struggled feebly.

"No! no!" screamed the inventor. "You shall not do it! She is mine, I tell you, and I will have her! You do not know how to treat her! You do not know her delicate disposition. You are rude with her—rude and cruel! I shall put you where you will never harm her again!"

He started to drag Frank out of the cab, plainly with the intention of flinging the young engineer off the engine.

And now the express was flying along, gaining headway every moment. To be thrown off meant almost certain death.

Frank realized that, and he fought against it.

"Ah-h-h!" snarled Heinz. "It's no use for you to struggle! You have robbed me, and this is your punishment! I'd like to thrust you under her wheel!"

How she would laugh as she ground you to pieces beneath them! Hear her now! Hear her panting with joy? Ah! the old girl knows I am here! She knows we'll be together always after this!"

He dragged Frank out till he was ready to tumble Merry off. Then paused and glared down at the young engineer, showing the triumph of a maniac, in which he gloated.

"You thought I was locked behind iron bars where I could not reach you," he said. "But I fooled them—I fooled them all. I knew they would have to put my beauty on the express, and that is why I was watching for her. I knew her when I heard her voice, and my heart leaped for joy. I hastened to her, and I was just in time. You could not get away from me."

Frank was quiet now, trying to regain his strength for the final struggle, which he knew must take place very soon.

Heinz laughed and laughed. There was something frightful about his mirthless laughter.

"They couldn't fool me," he raved. "Oh, no, my beauty! They could not do it! Now I am with you!"

Something came tumbling down and struck near Frank's hand. He turned his eyes and saw a wrench.

A moment later Frank's fingers closed round the handle of that wrench. Then he watched for his opportunity to use it.

"Now," cried Heinz—"now, good-by! I am going to throw you off, and I shall be alone with the soul of my soul!"

Merry twisted to one side, so that his arm was free. He swung the wrench aloft and struck with all his strength. Down upon the head of the mad inventor descended the weapon.

It was a fearful blow, and instantly Heinz released his hold on the engineer and rolled over limply on the floor.

Frank got up as quickly as he could, but not till he had bound the unconscious man firmly did he shut off and blow a signal for the conductor.

Great was the astonishment of the conductor when he came forward and learned what had happened in the cab of the engine. Heinz was carried back into the mail car, while one of the train hands came into the cab and fired for Frank till the next station was reached.

There the mad inventor was put off, and a telegram was received from Larry, who had not been greatly injured.

With a strange fireman, Frank made a good run with the Mountain Express, so that his first trip was entirely satisfactory, for all of the thrilling incident shortly after the start.

It was remarkable that the skull of the mad inventor was not crushed by the blow that Frank had delivered, but it was not. Heinz was taken back to the insane asylum, where he was locked up as one of the most dangerous inmates. He told all the visitors that he was a man without a soul, for he had put his soul into an engine, from which he had been separated by a conspiracy.

With Larry for his fireman, Frank Merriwell soon showed that he was capable of running the Mountain Express. Even Henry Cobb could find nothing to criticise in his work.

But Merry knew his advancement was due as much to a secret influence that had been brought to bear in his favor as to his own ability.

[THE END.]

The next number (125) of the Tip Top Weekly will contain "Frank Merriwell Held Up; or, The Robbery of the Mountain Express," by the author of "Frank Merriwell."

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"You thought I was locked behind iron bars where I could not reach you," he said. "But I fooled them—I fooled them all. I knew they would have to put my beauty on the express, and that is why I was watching for her. I knew her when I heard her voice, and my heart leaped for joy. I hastened to her, and I was just in time. You could not get away from me."

Frank was quiet now, trying to regain his strength for the final struggle, which he knew must take place very soon.

Heinz laughed and laughed. There was something frightful about his mirthless laughter.

"They couldn't fool me," he raved. "Oh, no, my beauty! They could not do it! Now I am with you!"

Something came tumbling down and struck near Frank's hand. He turned his eyes and saw a wrench.

A moment later Frank's fingers closed round the handle of that wrench. Then he watched for his opportunity to use it.

"Now," cried Heinz—"now, good-by! I am going to throw you off, and I shall be alone with the soul of my soul!"

Merry twisted to one side, so that his arm was free. He swung the wrench aloft and struck with all his strength. Down upon the head of the mad inventor descended the weapon.

It was a fearful blow, and instantly Heinz released his hold on the engineer and rolled over limply on the floor.

Frank got up as quickly as he could, but not till he had bound the unconscious man firmly did he shut off and blow a signal for the conductor.

Great was the astonishment of the conductor when he came forward and learned what had happened in the cab of the engine. Heinz was carried back into the mail car, while one of the train hands came into the cab and fired for Frank till the next station was reached.

There the mad inventor was put off, and a telegram was received from Larry, who had not been greatly injured.

With a strange fireman, Frank made a good run with the Mountain Express, so that his first trip was entirely satisfactory, for all of the thrilling incident shortly after the start.

It was remarkable that the skull of the mad inventor was not crushed by the blow that Frank had delivered, but it was not. Heinz was taken back to the insane asylum, where he was locked up as one of the most dangerous inmates. He told all the visitors that he was a man without a soul, for he had put his soul into an engine, from which he had been separated by a conspiracy.

With Larry for his fireman, Frank Merriwell soon showed that he was capable of running the Mountain Express. Even Henry Cobb could find nothing to criticise in his work.

But Merry knew his advancement was due as much to a secret influence that had been brought to bear in his favor as to his own ability.

[THE END.]

The next number (125) of the Tip Top Weekly will contain "Frank Merriwell Held Up; or, The Robbery of the Mountain Express," by the author of "Frank Merriwell."

TIP TOP WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, AUGUST 27, 1909.

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SUCH A BRUTE!

In the Transvaal some of the fruit gardens are much exposed to the ravages of large apes, and a good guard has to be kept, or the results of long labor would be lost. In some of these gardens grow certain shrubs which are much affected by wasps, the insects liking to attach thereto their nests.

These wasps, though small, have a very venomous sting. Baboons had often been noticed eying with envious glances the fast-ripening fruit in a certain garden, but they could not gather for fear of attracting the assaults of the wasps.

One morning the farmer heard terrible cries and with the aid of a good field glass he witnessed the following tragedy:

A large, venerable baboon, chief of the band, was catching the younger apes and pitching them into the shrubs whereon hung the wasps' nests. This he repeated again and again, in spite of the most piteous cries from his victims.

Of course, the wasps assumed the defensive in swarms. During this part of the performance the old brute quietly fed on the fruit, deigning occasionally to throw fragmentary remains to some female and young baboons a little farther off.

SOLVED.

A little man at the theatre vainly tried to catch a glimpse over the shoulders of a big man in front of him, and at length touched his obstructor on the shoulder.

Big Man (turning round)—"Can't you see anything?"

Little Man (pathetically)—"Can't see a bit of the stage."

Big Man (sarcastically)—"Then I'll tell you what to do. Keep your eye on me, and laugh when I do."

Correspondence.

W. M. M., Chicago, Ill.—It is out of print.

Open Eyes, Buffalo, N. Y.—No; you are entirely mistaken.

A. B. C., Cincinnati, O.—Yes; it is quite possible. Glad that you like the Frank Merriwell stories.

B. F., Philadelphia, Pa.—The stamp flirtation, as you term it, is absurd. We have no particulars concerning it, and would not publish them if we had. Thanks for your kind wishes.

C. E. S., Norwich, Conn.—1. Quarterly No. 1 of the Frank Merriwell stories is out of print. 2. We can not tell you who Frank will marry. You must read the stories to find that out.

R. V. D., Chicago, Ill.—1. No, a ship which has been captured is not returned when peace is declared. 2. Your question is vague. Write again, giving further particulars. 3. Yes. 4. Write to Geo. Kast, Platte City, Mo. He has all the numbers of Tip Top.

M. F. J., New Haven, Conn.—Holes may be drilled through plate glass with a flat-ended copper drill and coarse emory and water. Practically, however, the best means of drilling holes in glass is by using a splinter of a diamond. A splinter of a diamond may be bought for about one dollar big enough to drill a one-quarter inch hole.

R. S. T., Denver, Col.—A boy who receives an appointment to Annapolis, Md., Naval Academy advances quicker than a boy who is an apprentice on a ship; that is, he will learn navigation much quicker than a boy or young man who is an ordinary seaman before the mast. Apprentices very seldom reach the captaincy on the ship where they were apprenticed.

L. J. C., Grand Forks, N. D.—1. To make India ink take eight parts lampblack, sixty-four parts water, four parts fine pulverized indigo well boiled till the greater portion of the water is evaporated; then add five parts gum arabic, two parts bone glue, one part extract of succory; boil till the mixture is as thick as paste, then mold in wooden forms. 2. Tattooing is simply to color the flesh indelibly by pricking in fluids or dye-stuffs.

J. W. E., Keene, N. H.—It is cruel sport to catch butterflies and kill them for the purpose of taking impressions. If the butterfly is dead there is no harm. You then cut off the wings, and lay them upon clean paper in the form of the insect when flying. Spread some clean thick gum-water on another piece of paper and press it on the wings. The little colored, downy substance will adhere to it. Then lay a piece of white paper upon the top of the gummed paper, and rub it gently with your finger or the smooth handle of a knife. A perfect impression of the wings will thus be taken. The body must be drawn and painted in the space between the wings.

GIVE YOUR GIRL AN AMERICAN FLAG HAT PIN—SEE PAGE 32.

LONGEVITY IN ANIMALS.

The question of the longevity of animals is so often discussed that a scientist has taken the trouble to gather some details.

The horse in a domestic state does not often live longer than from twenty to twenty-five years, and the ass usually ranges to about the same period. The wild horse is supposed to reach a much greater age.

The average life of the cow is fifteen years, and a cow's age can be told by its horns. At four years of age a ring is formed at the root, and each succeeding year another is added. By allowing three years before their appearance and then counting the number of rings, the animal's age can be readily ascertained.

Dogs usually live till they are fourteen years of age, sometimes lingering to twenty years. A cat's life is nearly on a par with the dogs', usually extending to about fifteen years.

Pigs have been known to drag out an existence for thirty years, but their average term is less. Up to the age of ten years sheep will usually thrive tolerably well; and the "guide sheep" of shepherds—old wethers whose vocation is to direct the bleating flocks in unfrequented wilds—are said to attain the age of twenty years.

The hare and rabbit, if they manage to steer clear of the sportsman's gun, live about seven years. The roebuck seldom exceeds the age of fifteen, but the stag, or red deer, attains to greater longevity, sometimes asserting that his term may go beyond forty years, and even reach half a century.

The average age of the fox is from twelve to fifteen years; and of the wolf from fifteen to twenty. The bear rarely exceeds twenty years, an age which the rhinoceros usually attains. The camel arrives at maturity in five years, lives to forty or fifty, and in rare instances becomes a centenarian. The lion, reputed a long-lived animal, does not usually go beyond twenty-five years, although there have been instances of members of the tribe attaining to the age of seventy and upward.

Of all the animals, the elephant carries the palm for longevity, his average span reaching the century, and frequently over-topping it.

MIGHT HAVE WAITED.

An Irishman, going to America, fell overboard one afternoon. But managed to catch hold of some chains that were running by the side of the vessel, and quickly scrambled back through a port-hole.

No one having witnessed his speedy return, a boat was lowered, and Pat at once was the chance of a capital joke.

Keeping himself secreted until the following morning, when they were nearing New York, he dived out again through the port-hole, and after swimming merely a few yards, hailed the captain with:

"Hi! you had a might have waited for me."

JONES' LITTLE JEST.

A certain wag called at a house and asked the servant who came to the door:

"Is Henry Jones in?"

"No, sir, he is not here. He does not live here," was the reply.

"Yes, he is here," laughed the wag, "for I am Henry Jones."

The next day the practical joker made his face up with false whiskers, and visited the same house. The same servant answered the bell.

"Is Henry Jones in?"

"No, sir," said the servant, sharply.

"Yes, he is," shouted the other, as he pulled off his disguise, and roared with laughter.

The servant called after him:

"If you come here again, I will answer you with a broomstick."

Jones then wrote to his friends that he had changed his lodgings, and that he invited them to a "house-warming" that evening. The new lodgings, he made believe, were at the house where he had angered the servant. Evening came.

"Ah! you are here again, are you?" was the servant's reply to the first visitor who asked for Mr. Jones.

Then the servant followed up his remark by a shower of blows from a stick. A few moments later another man called and asked for Mr. Jones. He, too, was beaten off the step. A third person received the same punishment, and so did all of Mr. Henry Jones' friends who accepted the invitations to the "house-warming."

What happened to Jones history has not divulged.

NOT ANTICIPATED.

A certain vessel has a captain who is noted for his extreme politeness. He is also impressed with a great idea of his own importance, and loses no opportunity of impressing it on his crew. One day a new hand was shipped, and, being evidently an old salt, was given the wheel. The captain came up and put the usual question:

"How's her head?"

"Nor' by east," was the gruff reply.

"My man," said the captain, "on this craft, when one of the crew speaks to me, he gives me a title of respect. Let me relieve you at the wheel, and then you take my place and ask me the question. I will then show you how it should be answered."

They accordingly changed places.

"How's her head?" roared the man.

"Nor' by east, sir," replied the captain, with emphasis on the "sir."

"Then keep her so, my man, while I take a smoke," was the startling rejoinder from the old salt.

For the first time on record, it is said, that captain managed to lose his temper.

CLIF FARADAY IS THE HERO OF THE "TRUE BLUE" STORIES.

Letters From Readers.

I have been reading your library entitled Tip Top.

I would like (if you could possibly have it that way) to hear more of Frank Merriwell's college chums, such as Bart Hodge, Bruce Browning, Jack Diamond and a few others.

H. L. Willis, Peoria, Ill.

Will you kindly send me samples of the Tip Top Weekly; also True Blue. I have read several of your papers. I think they are splendid, and want samples to show my friends whom I will try to form into a "Tip Top Literary Society," having for our principal papers Tip Top, True Blue, etc., and could Mr. Standish arrange so that while Frank Merriwell is fireman on the train, he should again save Elsie Bellwood's life and in assisting her to a place of refuge he should ask her and finally find out her cause for so treating him in Maine, and that vows of eternal friendship should be exchanged. Yours truly,

Orie T. Griffith, Rosemont, Pa.

Seeing how many letters that are written to your paper by its readers, I take pleasure in writing you this letter to show you how much I think of your magazines. I am a reader of the following of your publications: Tip Top, True Blue and Diamond Dick, Jr. I think that "Frank Merriwell," the hero of Tip Top Library, is the most modest of them (that is, the heroes) all. I am particularly interested in Clifford Faraday, because I have a friend on board of the cruiser New York. Speaking of Diamond Dick, I will say that he is one of the best heroes of western life that I ever read, or I might add, that I ever expect to read. I have been a contestant in nearly every one of your contests, but have not been able to win. But I know that I stood as good a chance as any one else. I must admit that I have derived some good points from the modest heroes that are represented in the above weeklies. I remain a true and ardent admirer,

John D. Webb, Baltimore, Md.

Allow me to congratulate you on that wonderful author, Mr. Standish, and his stories in the Tip Top Weekly, the most interesting and best stories for the plain American lad. I think if you were to put Mr. Standish's photograph on your buttons, I am sure the greater majority of your readers would be glad to have the honor of having the photograph of the gentleman, who causes so much interest and enjoyment to its readers, that is with Mr. Standish's approval. I remain a constant reader of that brave and noble lad, Frank Merriwell. Wishing you success, I remain,

L. E. D., New York City.

I have now read your Tip Top Weekly since your first issue up to the present number, and so I thought I would write and let you know how we boys like them. Every one that has read your Tip Top Weekly will say that it is one of the finest books printed, for it is all right in every way. It seems as though one could not praise it enough. Many people think until they read it that it is a

poor novel for young people to read, but when they once read it they are very glad to know that there is such a nice book printed for young folks, for it teaches the knowledge that young folks should follow. There are quite a number of boys here that read the Tip Top, and they all praise it to others and wish that it was printed more than once a week, for one enjoys reading them. I also read the Diamond Dick, Jr., which is a very nice book. I am sorry that Frank did not have something to say about the Lumber City (Bangor), on his trip in Maine. I hope that the Tip Top will always be published, for it is a great book. I wish it every success. I am sure that it will always be on top, for it is well named Tip Top.

Frank P. Vayo, Bangor House, Bangor, Me.

We have read every one of the Tip Top stories and think they are the best ever published. Master Frank is the best hero ever written about, and we hope he will soon see Elsie and marry her. We remain your steady readers,

Alonzo Hoogerziel,

Alfred Mader,

Beverly, Mass.

We have read all the Tip Top weeklies, True Blues and Starry Flag weeklies from the first numbers to the present numbers. We like them ever so much, but we would like to hear about Frank Merriwell's Yale friends and what they think about his misfortunes and more about Inza Burrage and Elsie Bellwood. Yours respectively,

H. M., W. S., H. F., P. M., C. P. and W. G.,

Members of the Merriwell Club, Everett, Pa.

Having been a constant reader of your Frank Merriwell, I desire to say I appreciate them ever so much. All I ask of you is publish them all the time, and be sure to tell me where my friend Frank is working, so that I can be sure to keep up with him. Wishing Frank good luck, I remain very respectfully,

Herbert Lee, Comanche, Tex.

We thank you very much for publishing that splendid weekly, Tip Top Weekly. The "Frank Merriwell" series are the best we have ever read. They show the boys of this glorious country of ours what their aim in this life should be. Hoping that you will continue to publish the Frank Merriwell's for many more years, we remain, yours truly,

Rudolph Peterson,

Louis Peterson,

Racine, Wis.

I have read your stories about Frank Merriwell from No. 1 to date, and will continue to do so just as long as you continue to write.

I consider the present series, "Frank Merriwell Working His Way Upward," very fine, and they should afford a good opportunity for showing Frank's powers.

I am anxious to see if any of Frank's "friends" will cut him because he is down.

I would like to have Frank meet his Yale friend, Miss Winnie Lee.

Alan M. Love,

Pittsburg, Mo.

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